THE WOMAN'S NUMBER

THE FOCUS

JANUARY - 1915

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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THE FOCUS

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"Creative mystery; man's ecstasy,
Highest and lowliest, handmaiden and queen;
Savior and sinner; life's epitome;
Wildest of wild things, calmest of serene,
That's woman."—Wm. Platt.

✣ ✣

"What days await this woman, whose strange feet
Breathe spells, whose presence makes men dream
like wine,
Tall, free, and slender as the forest pine;
Whose form is moulded music, through whose sweet,
Frank eyes we feel the very heart's least beat;
Keen, passionate, full of dreams and fires,
How in the end and to what desires
Shall all this yield?"—Archibald Hampman.

The American Woman of the Future

Helene Nichols

THE WOMAN of the future wil not differ from the woman of the past in femininity, charm for man, or love of children. Fysically she wil be stronger, mentally she wil be broader, and spiritually she wil be more liberal. The woman of yesterday was swayd by the emotions. The woman of tomorro wil be governd by the intellect *plus* the emotions, she wil bring the air castles of "ye olden" lady from their aerial hights to the plane of the actual. This caracter wil be developt by the three sferes in one of which every woman can be placed, namely, the sfere of the home, the sfere of religion, and the sfere of public activities.

Our future American woman wil giv to the home the strength and peace of the old-fashiond home and the joy and responsibility of the new. She wil accomplish this by having a goal in view, by dignifying, making scientific, professionalizing her task, by being systematic, by gaining the co-operation of her husband and children, by appreciating the fact that her great business is to "found and fil those natural social centers we call homes." In short, she wil become efficient.

We predict that woman wil accomplish this vast undertaking, because some women ar doing it now while more ar working toward this ideal. Our system of education, which is to a great extent responsible for the present confusion, is sloly giving place to the new order. We not only realize that in educating woman we ar educating the race, but we feel that woman should be educated toward the home. Accordingly, "Domestic Science," "Domestic Art," and other like courses are being introduced into our public scools and women's colleges, while societies, formd for the study of house-work, lectures, the papers, magazines, and governmental pamflets ar teaching the masses of our women.

Again, woman is receiving more outward recognition for her labor. She and her toil hav always been accorded a high place in the harts of our people, but now she is publicly honord, one illustration of which is the observance of "Mother's Day" thruout the United States. Because of these things, woman is gaining a new point of view of herself and her work, and in the future no longer wil she call housekeeping drudgery but wil dignify her task by the name of "home-making."

Since Paul saw in a vision a man praying to him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," and going thither made the first convert in Europe—a woman, Lydia—woman has gon into Macedonia more than once in response to the cry of her felloman. To aid the modern Macedonians of the world she is not only doing a major share of the regular church work but she has formd missionary societies, she has gon to foren lands, mountain districts, and foul slums. She is helping the girls of America by the Young Women's Christian Association, she is giving aid to the sick thru the King's Dauters Hospitals and to the wounded thru the Red Cros organizations, and she is endevoring to rid the United States of one of its greatest curses by means of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Some one has said, "A nation's religion is the chief factor in producing the outstanding aspects of its life." If this be true, the course our nation pursues is especially important inasmuch as it is America that is shaping the present heathen civilization. The womanhood of America, carrying the message of salvation, is coming in contact with the womanhood of Japan, Korea, India, and China. Alredy the women of these foren lands ar setting a higher value on themselvs and the men ar becoming more respectful toward them. Woman wil continue in the future to evangelize the Asiatic and African cuntries, nor wil she forget that her sister at home, no matter in what stratum of society, has a claim on her which she must meet. She wil not cease in her missionary efforts until all the world has heard the Gospel. She wil bring about reforms in our social world, infuse new life into our churches and, lastly,

she wil care for the immigrant and give him right ideas and high ideals for his home-making in America.

A woman enters public activities for one of three reasons—first, because of necessity; secondly, because she is by nature a reformer; thirdly, because she craves excitement or has too much leisure at home.

The woman who enters the outer world because she must is the business woman who earns her livelihood and often that of her family. We hav 8,000,000 women in the business world today, a fair percentage of whom ar there not because it is more attractiv to them than home life but because it is necessary. The world has recognized that such women should hav opportunities, so within the last few years nearly all professions have been opend to them. Today woman's fysical rather than her mental caracteristics keep her from becoming a co-worker with man in every walk of life. Tomorro the wider application of electricity wil make woman not only equal to man in work but realizing her power she wil demand and wil get equality in wages.

Woman is by nature a reformer. Whether she be publicly inclined or not, the community spirit of the present drives her on to aid her neighbors. She cannot be contented in the home, wearing factory-made clothes produced by our over-workt and under-paid girls. Urged on by her religion and unselfishness, she organizes societies which seek to bring about needed reforms, such as restriction of child labor. Reforms must be accomplisht in part at least by legislation. If the male law-makers wil not respond and use their right of suffrage to further the cause of righteusness, woman demands the right of suffrage for herself that she may lift up the fallen and succor the distrest.

It is the woman who enters business life because she craves excitement or has leisure at home who causes man to discourage equality of men and women in the business world, who brings ridicule on women who ar sincere in their belief that equal suffrage is the remedy for many present evils. This third type wil continue to exist. She wil be in the future as she is today—a woman who places

style on a pedestal and is confident that the world owes her a good time.

We profesy that woman wil gain her rights in business inasmuch as progress in this direction during the last few years has been fenomenal and gains impetus annually. She wil be successful in public reforms because she is enlisting the sympathies of man and because she wil vote.

Woman wil achieve this higher development wholly thru work and the pursuance of whatever paths she may desire. America has attaind and wil retain its present position only in so far as it does not circumscribe the field of its women's activities. Progressiv nations of the world ar those which respect woman and her rights, while nations which hav refused to entertain broader visions of woman's province hav seen the decline of their power. The histories of these governments which hav risen and fallen ar the same stories with but different settings; they all illustrate forcibly the relationship between the progress of woman and the progress of the nation.

These governments giv a warning to present governments, but, let us not omit personal, specific cases of the present which point to the future. Some women we find who hav solvd the big problem facing them. Mrs. Christine Frederick is a type of the new woman who has workt the plan of efficiency, and as a result has time for religius and public activities.

Cornell University has recently organized thruout the State of New York "Home Study Clubs" for women, while Columbia University, on opening its doors for a course in domestic science, found hundreds of young matrons and prospectiv brides anxius to learn the scientific way to care for the home. In Chicago a night scool teaching domestic science enrold five thousand pupils within a comparativly short time, while Shorter College, of Rome, Ga., has taken a step ahed of her sister institutions by introducing the Department of Helth to teach girls right living. These illustrations serv to sho that efficiency in the home is possible, that women ar seeking eagerly for knoledge

of the home, while our colleges are recognizing the sanity of a new method of education for women.

In religius circles the signs that the future wil be an era of advancement in the art of right living ar encouraging. The church is progressing rapidly, and is taking much interest in the molding of social conditions. Miss Nona S. Gouldis is one of the leading church women who is helping to bring the church in contact with real life.

The result of woman's labor in the foren field is demanding our admiration. Count Okuma of Tokio, Japan, tels us that the growing attitude of the women of his cuntry has made the men respect them more highly while the husbands ar not quite so lordly as formerly. The "Blue Stocking," a paper, publisht by the Japanese women, shows their progress, while the dauter of Premier Tang-Shoo-Yi has electrified Shangai by demanding a voice in the drafting of her marriage contract.

We find woman entering into all fases of work in the outside world. Mrs. Bradford is the State Superintendent of Scools in Colorado. Dr. Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, is at the hed of the second largest scool system in the United States. Mrs. Caroline Crane is doing much for the sick in addition to her work as a good home-maker. Virginia Brooks made a model city out of West Hammond, which was known as the "Little Hell of the Western World," while Jane Addams, Ida Tarbell, and Maude Miner have made their names familiar to yung and old because of their mighty influence for the public good.

Ten states have given the ballot to their women, and at the last meeting of the International Alliance for Equal Suffrage twenty-six nations were activly represented.

The demand for the vote, the woman movement, the servant problem, the agitation and discussion of woman and her sfere, experiments in co-operativ living, all demonstrate that women ar not satisfied in the present as they hav been in the past. Often they hav not been as discreet as they might hav been. They hav become impatient with the thraldom of inertia, prejudis, and groundless precedent. They ar getting acquainted with

the idea that they must be the mothers of the community if they would truly be the mothers of the home. The modern woman is undergoing a change. This is a period of adjustment. The spirit of the new order is beckoning her on, the spirit of the old is holding her back. She feels the call to outside endevors, yet, she realizes that each and every day three meals must be pland and prepared, rooms must be put in order, the children must be cared for, and the numberless, nerv-racking tasks of the home must not be neglected. Stil, the busy woman yearns to take part in the new movements that her sisters of leisure ar propagating. Trying to do both, she fails to do justis to either and incidentally injures her helth and quite often her temper.

Altho time must solv this problem and new methods must be inculcated in a new generation, we can do our share in helping woman thru the present confusion. We can predict the woman of the future by the woman of yesterday and the tendencies of our women of today, but the fact remains that *we* ar responsible for the woman of tomorro. Therefore, let us be optimistic, and let us not fail to encourage woman nor fear that she wil not be true to herself. No matter to what depths she may delv in the intricacies of the business world, no matter to what hights she may soar in political and religius circles, no matter on what scientific basis she may establish the home, even as in the past and the present so in the future there wil remain in the hart of woman the image of a child, for God in His wisdom hath wild it so. When she wil hav demonstrated her ability to act as co-worker with man in public affairs, she wil awaken to the realization that supreme opportunity is hers. And with a hart fild with the tenderness of a new understanding and a face shining with happiness, she wil proclaim to the whole world that

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

To a Mountain

Olivia Compton

STRONG and unyielding you'v stood,
Thru countless thousands of years,
In spite of the heat, the cold, the frost,
And even Heven's tears.

Take me close to thy hart
And giv me of thy power
To resist the heat, the cold, the frost,
And the tears of life's bitterest hour.

Farewel, thy strength has given me strength,
Thy calm has soothd my fears;
Thy message helps my soul to bear
The sorroes and the tears.

What the Star Saw

Grace B. Armstrong

"THAT A BEAUTIFUL, CLEAR NIGHT!" said the biggest and brightest star, as he leapt from behind the dark curtain of night and took his place as sentinel in the sky, to watch thru the night and see that all was right on the erth.

Many wonderful sights he saw, as, night after night, with an ever watchful eye, he marcht slowly but steadily across the sky til the first ray of light in the east told him that the sun was arriving to reliev him of guard duty until the evening shades should again appear.

He was never lonely, this Sentinel Star. There was always some drama being enacted down on the earth, either comedy or tragedy, and he did his best to thro light on all these happenings. Some nights he stood by and lent his beams while the miser counted his gold. Sometimes he would look in on the little children and send them pleasant dreams; sometimes he would hide behind a cloud in horror as he saw criminals and murderers commit their dredful crimes. But most of all he loved to watch the lovers as they strolld down shady lanes, arm in arm, happy in each other's company and forgetting for a while that there wer other people on the erth.

Tonight as he took his place and glanst down, he saw with delight that the stage was occupied by those most interesting and lovable of characters, the lovers. He could see them plainly, walking side by side, thru the dewy field to the cool freshness of the arbor. He could even catch the softly spoken words as they "exchangd sweet nothings."

"Betty," the boy was saying, "you don't kno how glad I am to be back. The big city may be all right for some, but believ me, I'l always return to this dear old village while *you'r* here any way."

"We'r all glad to see you back, Billy, and glad of your success," she said. "But," she added shyly, "I've often been lonesome since you went away."

"You'v been lonesome? You, the most popular girl in town?" he askt in surprise.

"Everybody has the blues sometimes, you know," she anserd evasively. "But tel me, Billy, more of your life in the big city." She then led the way into the old arbor, where they had often spent many happy hours together.

His was the same old story of hardship and loneliness among thousands of people. It had been a hard struggle, but Billy hadn't given up and now at last he had become a great lawyer.

"After going away with such bright hopes I couldn't come back and let the people think I was a failure—and, Betty, dear," he finisht softly, "there was something else I was working for—something that mattered more than the opinion of all the rest of the world, and now after five years, I'v come back to tell you that I'v made good."

They both wer silent for awhile. The refreshing breez brot them the sweet odor of honeysuckle, and close by the katydids accused one another of sundry offences.

"I knew you would make good," she said. "I am so glad, Billy. Here's my hand on it."

He turnd to her with a look in his eyes which she had never seen there before, and she tried to draw her hand away, but he captured the other also.

"Betty, dearest," he said. "I love you. I'v loved you ever since we went to the village scool together, when I fought the boys for teasing you, and you rewarded me with a candy kiss. I have always loved you. I wanted to tel you so five years ago when I started to the city, but would not until I made a good start toward success. Tel me, Betty, that you care for me a little."

"No, Billy, I can't tel you that," she said softly.

Billy lookt as tho he had been struck a blow in the face. The star, himself, almost cried. His sympathies wer with Billy.

"Oh, Betty, Betty," Billy cried brokenly, "hav I waited

too long? Is all my success in vain? Betty, I want—"

Betty became really alarmd at his despair.

"Oh, you foolish Billy boy," she explaind, "I can't tell you that I care for you a little because I love you so much."

This time the reward was not a candy kiss; and the Sentinel Star so far forgot his soldierly dignity as to twinkle and twinkle with delight.

The Snow Storm

Emma W. White

A MIGHTY HOST, they hurrying come,
From high heven's arching dome,
Myriad flake on flake is found
Swirling downward to the ground.

Fast they fly in dizzy whirls,
Turning, clinging, then in twirls,
Dropping downward til they fall
Adding to the earth's white pall.

Resolvd: To Be Perfect

Josephine Wayis

SO, there's no one in here—the fire almost out and the place deserted. It's only ten o'clock. Gues I'l stir up the fire a bit. It's a good night to think, the last one of the old year. Wonder how it would do to review the deeds and misdeeds of Frank Halstead for nineteen hundred and fourteen. I am sure there hav been no intentional misdeeds; but what a long series of blunders! And how many people hav been inconvenienst by them! Let me not be cald Frank but Jonah! As long as I hav this place to myself I might just settle down to a solitary smoke and think the matter out. A fello can think better if he smokes. Here, old fire, here's a log. Now burn; for I need all the light you can give me on this memory business.

Oh, those days at the offis! Sometimes, I'm tempted to rite a book entitled, "Trials of a Post Offis Clerk." If I wer not so mortally lazy, I'd do it; for enuf happens at the delivery windo to fil three or four volumes. Let's see, the first enemy to my credit, this past year, was the welthiest woman in town, of course. After getting her mail one day, she brot a package notis to the windo. When I handed her the bundle she began:

"Why wasn't this sent to my house?"

"You hav a box here," I explaind.

"What difference does that make? You kno I don't want to carry such a bundle as this thru the streets."

"But we never deliver packages to anyone who has a box."

"That should hav nothing to do with it. I want my letters put in the box and my packages deliverd at my home. I shall report this to the postmaster at once."

Wel, I wasn't fired; but the woman detests me and looks like vinegar and lemon juice whenever she hands in a package notis.

How about the time I accidentally put Ella Thomas's letter from Fred Latham in Mr. Lind's box? Horrors! Fred had been paying some attention to Anna Lind, and she was known to be very jelus of Ella. Anna came for the mail that day, of course. As she was reading the address on that letter, in walkt Ella.

"Miss Thomas, here is a letter that some careless clerk put in our box."

Now they don't speak.

Wil I ever forget the day I handed Andrew Stone, our one Christian Science healer, a bottle of patent medicin ment for Arthur Staner? Confound this retrospection business—or introspection, or whatever it is. One thing just brings up another. Gues I'l quit thinking about the offis, anyway. Gets on my nervs.

Another log on the fire makes everything all right. No matter how much trouble I hav at the offis, I can always come home and feel good. Stop—can I? What a mes I'v made of lots of things in the family circle. There's Mary. It's good to hav a twin sister; but sometimes it's hard on her. I'v made lots of trouble for her by telling my age when she didn't want hers known. I tried to make it up to her by endevoring to bring about peace between her and that Mason fello; but I learnd, too late, that Mary never, never, *never* wanted to hear his name mentiond again. She invited me to attend to my own business, which I'v been trying to do ever since.

Once last summer, I attempted to please the whole family, and faild. I'd been on a vacation, and when I came back I brot presents for everybody. Ted was furius because what I brot him happend to be an apt reminder of a joke the felloes had on him Fourteen-year-old Juliet was so insulted that she wouldn't speak to me for a week after she opend the box with the big dol in it. Mary made mother a present of the steel gray silk I brot her; father openly told me that he could manage to walk a few years longer without a cane, and, as I liv, my mother gave away that beautiful white parasol to a niece of hers. Now, what was the matter with the parasol? Clerk at the store said it was all right for a lady in second mourning.

Anyway, Mary selects all my presents for the family now.

I need a second cigar for special consolation. Another log? You shal hav it, good fire, for I verily believe you'r the only thing I havn't insulted this year. I need your frendship, for I'v contrived to lose that of nearly all the people I kno. In social afiairs, my success as General Blunderer has been complete. Think I'l retire from activ servis with no pension. I never fail to make myself ridiculus in social life. I'l not soon forget that snowy night when I was with Jane Fleming. Oh, it was slippery walking! Jane dropt her handkerchief on a crowded part of the street. I stoopt to pick it up, and down I went, luckless mortal that I am. Pretty sight I was when I got up.

Is it wrong to tel girls they'r pretty? Thot they'd like that, but I'l never do it again. No, sir, no more for me. Only last week I saw Marie Doan, and, I tel you, she lookt fine. She was pretty, no dout of it, with her bright rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. So I said, "Marie, you'r looking like an American Beauty rose today." You would hav thot I had insulted a duchess; and Mary says there was reason for it, but I don't see it.

Gracius, that girl from Indiana! She's a peach; but I wonder what she thinks of me! She visits here every summer, and I like her better all the time. Christmas, 1913, I sent her a gold pin in a fine plush case. She seemd to like that so wel I thot I couldn't do better than to repeat the experiment. So, last year, I sent her another pin. Her thanks wer lacking in enthusiasm; and, after that, her letters wer few and far between. She just wouldn't notis me when she was here last summer. I couldn't understand it, and I asked her cousin about it.

"You everlasting simpleton!" he said; "Don't you kno better than to giv a girl a gold brooch in a handsome case one Christmas, and to cut it down to a silver pin in a pasteboard box the very next year? She said she wouldn't hav minded a cheaper present, as times wer hard, but a contrast in pins was too much for her."

Now, I just couldn't giv that girl up. I was afraid to send her another present, so, this time, I went out and

selected the prettiest Christmas card I could find. I thot I'd get her family on my side, so I rote, "Merry Christmas to you and yours." Her anser—oh, yes, she anserd—was, "All of us wish you a most prosperus New Year. Indiana." All of whom or what? Her family or the whole state of Indiana?

Old fire, you see what a mes I'v made of my year. Business, home, and social affairs, all botcht up. What ought a constitutional mistake-maker to do? Shal I hav a gurdian appointed, hire a governes, or employ a chaperon?

What's that? The midnight bels? Wonder if a New Year resolution would help. I'd better try something—let's see—gues this'l do: "Resolvd: During this year, I, Frank Halstead, wil make no mistakes at the offis; attend to my own business; be careful what I do and say at home and abroad; and above all things, let the girls strictly alone."

The Snoflake

Emma W. White

JUST a little drop of rain,
Of purest white, without a stain,
A messenger from out the deeps,
A crystal tear that Heven weeps,
Whirling, twirling gently down
To mingle quickly with the ground,
Just a common little flake
But which God's hand alone can make.

The First of the Year

Caralyn Pope, '14

ON THIS DAY of all days,
The first of the year,
There's a feeling of sadness
When all should be cheer.

For there's an old saying
That often we hear:
That this day we should do
What we would *all* the year.

And somehow that saying
Takes ominus weight,
As I sit here and watch
Those who go past the gate.

Two lovers ar happy
As they stroll a near walk,
And seem not to hear,
While absorbéd they talk,

The faraway chant
That floats overhed
Of negroes a-singing
And burying their ded.

Those who believe
The saying wil say,
"Both these wil be doing
These things every day."

I kno that some people
Somewhere every day
Bury their ded,
And wil do it alway;

But there's dout in my hart
If these lovers wil stay
In love with each other
A week and a day.

The Rong Colors

Olivia Simmons

"NAN BRINKLEY, you'r a perfect Harrison Fisher picture without a frame," cald Dorothy Garrison as she drove by the Brinkleys' gate.

"Wel, I certainly don't feel like one," she anserd, "for I've bin waiting a perfectly good half hour for that slo-poke, Larry Winston."

In truth, she made a pleasant picture as she stood fondling her horse, impatiently tapping the grass with her riding whip. Her tan riding habit and little derby set off her slender form from the top of her finely shaped head down to her mannish little feet.

Ashleigh, the town in which Nan lived, had about five thousand inhabitants. The yunger set of boys was divided into two clubs, Fun and Frolic. Each of these strove to outshine the other in social and athletic "stunts." If the members of one gave the girls and their visiting frends a lovely dance the other club would immediately get together and plan one more elaborate. Both clubs had splendid ball teams. Particularly was the antagonism very bitter when the championship period rolld around.

Nan had that morning received two notes, one from Ted Wyder, a member of the "Frolic," who enclosed his colors and tickets, asking that she "root" for his team. The other note was from Larry Winston, a "Fun" member. He, likewise, enclosed his colors and tickets, seeking her allegiance, asking too that she go for a horseback ride that afternoon.

"I'l not wait another minute for that—"

"Sister, Larry wants you at the 'phone—and I betcher he—Must I unsaddle Togo?" teased her little brother, Jimmie.

"Certainly not," she anserd sharply as she enterd the house.

"Hello! Yes? Wel—but oh, I'm all redy! Do you positively hav to go? Oh, don't bother to apologize so profusely. 'Bye! Now, if Larry Winston thinks he can break an engagement with me just to go to an old ball practis he's mightily mistaken! Just because I'v been knowing him for ages he thinks I'l understand."

She dasht angrily upstairs into her room, becoming more furius at every step. Finally after a harty cry, her disappointment vanished as she pland to get even. Tomorrow was the championship game—yes, she would do it!

The day dawned bright and clear. About three-thirty Nan, drest all in white, ran gaily out to the gate to join a crowd of girls who wer waiting for her.

"Why, Nan, you hav on the rong colors," cried one.

"Eh, what's the matter with you and Larry?" askt another. "Everybody was sure you wer pledged to Larry Winston."

"Then everybody i s rong," exclaimd Nan g a i l y. "For goodness sake, girls, why shouldn't I wear Ted's ribbons if I like?"

The girls shut up like clams—they knew that for Nan to talk in that way was unusual and something was either going to happen or had happend. They proceeded to the ball park. Just as they wer about to enter the grandstand, Larry rusht up to Nan.

"Hello! Why—what? For heven's sake, what's the meaning of this?" he exclaimd, pointing to the ribbons she was wearing.

"I don't see anything peculiar about them," she retorted coolly, passing on.

"Whew! Change in the wether! Oh, I understand. But just you wait, we'l make it some hot for your dear friends, and you wil wish you had those lovely colors off!" he replied half angry, yet amused.

The game was cald—both teams were evenly matcht, yet Ted's side began at once to cover themselves with glory. Nan's eyes wer like saucers as she jumpt up and down excitedly cheering the winners. Then Larry's team began to gain stedily. Finally, in the eighth inning, the score

was four to four, with Larry at the bat! One strike, one ball; then the ball went flying thru the air, and Larry easily made a home run.

Nan had sunk back, dismayd. How she would hav liked to join the crowd when they cheerd Larry, but nobody should ever kno how she felt—never! She now realizd how very unreasonable she had been. She'd go away right tomorro and pay that long promist visit to Aunt Kate. She slipt quietly away from the girls and walkt rapidly up the street. Oh, to get home before she met any one. How she wisht her face wouldn't burn so!

"Nan! Nan!" some one cald, "can't you wait for a fellow?"

"I'l pretend I don't hear him," she said to herself.

"Golly! But you'r some walker, Nan Brinkley," said Larry as he caut step with her.

"Do you think so?" she askt shakily. Oh, for something to talk about!

"To be quite frank with you, Nan, I don't like those colors on you."

"I don't either, for—"

"You kno what good pals we'v always been; ever since I took you to your first game you'v always stood by me thru thick and thin. I admit that the ball practis yesterday was a piece of ill luck, but we needed the practis badly, and I made sure that you would understand. So can't we compromise? You give me the ribbons and we'l go for a jolly ride tomorrow afternoon for sure."

"I'm game," Nan replied happily, as she handed over the ribbons.

The Realization

Mary Belle Frantz

HOW LONG it has been—a long, weary time. Only a month?—It seems years since I left it—my little cottage with the roses climbing over the door and tosing their pretty heds at me as if I wer going forth to a festival insted of to the battlefield. I love it all—every rose on the vine—every bit of that home that shelters my dear ones—even the coleric old rooster who is getting too feeble to rouse us with his usual lusty cro. Oh! I can hear little Heinrich's ringing lafter now as he imitates that old chicken, flapping his little arms and choking with mirth as he puckers his mouth to emit a shril semblance of the feeble cro. And now I can see my little Elsa—dear little chubby Elsa—hugging her dol to her bosom and crooning a lullaby in her sweet child's voice and warning our noisy approach with a fat, uplifted finger just as she has seen mother do when putting baby Friedrich to sleep. Dear, gentle, lovely Hilda, with her face like that of a saint and her hands ever busy helping to lighten the burdens of the weary and her lafter quick to anser to the joy of the fortunate. How wonderful they all ar, these dear ones, and now I am here—miles away from them all.

It seems like a terrible dream. How different it was from what I had dreamd it would be. Why, I had always longd for the day when I might go forth to serv my country. When I was only six years old, and my father kept a boat on the Rhine, I remember his pointing out to me the Kaiser, standing on the deck of his yacht, with two great, handsome officers beside him, and saying to me, "See, Heinrich, be brave and true, and some day, perhaps, you shal stand at your emperor's side like one of those soldiers and then you may one day win glory for your fatherland"—and I doft my cap as the beautiful yacht swept close by, my little hart beating til I felt it should burst my jacket, my hand involuntarily going to my side to clutch my little wooden

sword at the very thot of going to battle and wearing a uniform like one of those great soldiers. Then, of an evening, when twilight drew on, my grandfather would sit on the little bench beside the door, and, drawing close to him, in open mouthd eagernes, I would drink in stories of the great emperors who carried on the wars of the fatherland, and my mind was fild with visions of battles and victories until I could think of scarcely anything else. Wel I remember how I distrest my little sister Elsa by making a raid on her dol's house, capturingthe whole china family, and imprisoning them in "a dungeon" in the old hollo apple tree and only restoring them to their unhappy little mother at the sight of tears stealing down her plump little cheeks, a sight I'v never been able to bear.

Then when scool days came and when I was old enuf to be drild I always led my felloes and would stand on street corners, out of scool hours, with my little hart beating hard with excitement to watch the emperor go by with his guard sweeping after him—to salute him with squared shoulders and dream that I too might ride at his side and be his protector. And so on thru my youth I was a dreamer, ever on the eve of battle; a wild-eyed, reckles little leader charging the enemy with a group of awe-struck little soldiers who perhaps really feard me when my wrath descended on some too peaceful playmate who faild to let the light of battle shine from his listles eyes. Peaceful little Elsa was not a little alarmd when I would describe to her, at times, the events of war which I red so eagerly. She revered me then as her hero, but when I came to the parts where some one was shot and wounded she would burst into tears and say she couldn't bear it—to think that I might some day lie wounded on a battlefield and she not be near to help me. Then, I would stop and console her, half ashamd at having been so cruel as to hurt her and half disgusted at her girlish fears. It was even in connection with my military life that I met my Hilda and wooed and won her. She was my colonel's daughter and she too shared my dreams—dreams of the day when I should win glory for the fatherland. She always lookt upon me—in fact, in unconscius egotism, I shared her views—as a hero

of the fatherland; and I kno, too, that I stil had my visions of servis in the ranks when we went to liv in the little cottage and in the evenings around the fire my father would tel my own little ones the stories of the wars and I lived over my own childhood in their eager faces and little dramas of camp life, in those happy, happy evenings long ago!

Then it came—at last—the summons to go to the front and fight for my country. How different was, the reality from the vision. I seemd to be living in some strange dream. Hilda and I had pictured this day many times when we wer young and romantic. I was to wear an emblem—we even had it redy, a little gold cord, which she would bind around my arm just as the ladies gave a talisman to their knights of old. How bravely and gladly she would giv me up to fight for our emperor. How childish we wer with the wonder of it all—and now when I lookt at her white, drawn face and thot of the time of our parting and saw little Heinrich clinging to her and imploring her to tel him why she lookt so, I knew I had commenst a new, strange life. I was, indeed, in another world and was numb with bewilderment. My uniform was brot me with my wepons and ammunition. I was to leave at noon with my company. The time was pitifully short. Toward the last we rallied a little to our old selves and went about the preparation with some composure. I see that last picture now—all just as I left them on that bright summer day. The sunlight made a glory of Hilda's bright hair about her pale face. Her eyes wer misty with tears but they lookt into mine with tender reassurance. Little Heinrich clung to her hand—poor little fello. When we had told him as best we could where I was going he had hastily got together his little paraphernalia of toy sword and gun and cannon, never doubting he was to fight by his father's side and only reconciled to staying behind by the assurance that he was to protect his mother. There he stood, his little hed erect, his shoulders squared, never dreaming, poor child, of the awful significance of our parting. Little Elsa clung sobbing to my hand, her beloved dol, neglected for once, lying on the grass. Baby Freidrich cooed and laft in his mother's arms, delighted at what he must have conceivd

to be a new game gotten up for his especial benefit. Dear, true Hilda, I can see her brave little smile as I lookt back at her in farewel—that is my talisman.

With the first battle some of the old spirit camé back to me. When, wild with excitement, we chargd the enemy I felt the hot blood surge once more thru my veins and we rode to victory. So it went on, day after day, of what seemd endless marching, charging, halting to snatch a brief rest, marching again, into the battle again—all amid scenes of dedly horror—even what little rest we could gain interrupted by the groans of the wounded about us, but I fought on resolutely, grimly determind to strive to the utmost for the fatherland, becoming hardend to the horrors, which, at first, had sickend me—for what, after all, wer they, these men who lay dying? What more glorius servis could they hope to render their country than to perish for its honor in its defense. I, too, was wiling to die, if need be. My chance for servis had come. At last I was in the ranks. I would fight til the last. So it went on until Christmas eve. It was then that the realization came. It happend in this way: After a long, hard march we halted in a little village just over the border line of Belgium. Most of my comrades had gone into the village inn to seek food and drink and what little cheer they might find in their few moments' rest. With a slight wound in my foot and overcome with wearines, I dropt for a moment's rest on a bench outside the door—bitter cold tho it was—I didn't care to risk my lame foot among the crowding soldiers who wer struggling for entrance. It was a cruel night—not windy—just a clear, keen, awful stilnes that gav the air the chil of a tomb. A great star hung just abov the horizon, and as I thot of home and the dear ones it was borne in on me afresh—the pain of absence and absence on this night of all nights dear to our home. Who would be teling the children the story of the star tonight? Who would go out to bring in the tree? The star trembld in the mist that swam before my eyes and sent a long bright ray down to me as if it would cheer me in my sadness. The loud lafter of the soldiers within roused me, and numb with cold I staggerd to the door and made my way to the

fireplace. The soldiers soon felt the weariness from the march bearing hevily upon them. They lay down on the floor to snatch a brief rest. I sat by the fire and drank my broth—and thot. Directly I herd voices in the room next me—one a man's, angry and grim, the other a woman's, soothing and reassuring him. I caught a few words of the louder voice: "They'l plunder the town before the night's over—go thru our homes with fire and sword, the dogs." Then the woman's voice cut in eagerly remonstrating. "Yes," went on the man, "then you may be left alone, Marie, you and the child."

I herd the woman gasp and step to his side—then there was silence for a little. Suddenly one of them came to the door, opend it and walkt in. There stood the inn-keeper—a strong, burly man, like some great pirate of a boy's fancy, but held close in his arms was a little child like a cherub, its fair ringlets mingling with his dark, rough beard, its flower face rosy in slumber resting on his brest. He must hav seen by my face that I was toucht, for a strange look came over his own sullen one and he turnd and left the room.

It couldn't hav been five minutes after he left before I herd a great commotion of shouting without and the trampling of many feet, then a soldier burst into the room, calling the men to arms. In a trice the soldiers wer on their feet and we wer out again in the wintry wether. Something seemd to hav died within me. The forms of my comrades crowding close to the captain to hear his commands danst before me grotesquely like so many strange creatures in a menagerie. I herd the captain's voice like one in a dream. We wer to fire the village. The burgomaster had offerd insult to the imperial troops—charge at once, fire on all. Spare nothing! Alredy the villagers had rallied and could be seen in dark little groups, passing among the houses. Then we started forward on a run, I after the rest. On we prest after the captain. As we came back to the inn yard the first group which had gatherd to resist us burst from the rear of the building and we flung ourselves upon them. They went down, few as they were, like grain before a sickle. I was at my colonel's side when a single man started around the corner and made for the door of the inn.

My colonel shouted to me to fire on him. I raised my gun and just then he came into the light streaming from the doorway—and heven help me! I couldn't shoot the man. My gun was as powerles in my hands as if I were a child. It was then that I knew. Even in that terrible tumult of noise and strife that single burning moment of realization was mine, It was all wrong, this murdering of men, this breaking up of homes. Was this the honor I was to win for my fatherland? Was this the glory that should make my cuntry a leader among nations? Was this the heroism I had striven for—this descending like fiends with fire brands upon a peaceful village? My colonel turnd on me with an oath, but just then another band of villagers surgd out from the shado and I was swept on with the trampling soldiers. I turnd and beat my way back thru the crowding men. I broke thru the rear and ran across the inn yard. Three or four figures sprang toward me —villagers thinking I ment to fire the inn, no doubt. I fled toward the door, but too late—a bullet went home, and I knew no more. When I woke the pain in my shoulder was fearful and I knew not where I was. I finally managed to open my eyes and look about me. I was in a small, bare room which I rememberd never to hav seen before. I tried to raise myself to investigate further, but with a groan sank faintly on the pillo. I herd quick steps and some one enterd. There at the foot of the bed stood no other than the burly inn-keeper himself. His wife stood beside him and in her arms she held the lovely child, its soft dark eyes alight with joy. I tried to open my lips but no sound would come, and the man seeing I was in great pain brot a cool cloth and prest it to my forehed. When I was strong enuf to listen I herd the story, how, after I was shot, the innkeeper had dragd me into the house and when that was put to the flame he had borne me to a little house hard by which had miraculusly escapt being burnt. The man must hav known I spared him, tho he gav no sign. And so I hav dragd out the weary, painful, nerv-racking days, and you, Hilda, and my little ones, what wil you do now? I cannot go back with the rest of them—the soldiers—I dare not. It is dredful—

terrible—this bloodshed and battle. That, to go on on the day of Christmas. "Peace on erth, good wil to men"—and then this terror to be on erth. It is all rong. I think they understand, this innkeeper with his great hart, and his gentle wife, what I suffer, for each day she brings the child and holds him where I can see him smile.

But what am I to do—tomorro is the first day of the new year, what wil it bring me? Heven only knows. If I could get to the emperor would he understand? Surely he doesn't kno it—these awful things his soldiers ar doing. Surely our great emperor must not kno. I kno he cannot kno. Hilda, Hilda, how did we ever dream that this would bring glory to the fatherland. Blind children, we wer teling the Christmas stories to our own little ones and then teling them of scenes like these as visions of splendor—Tomorro I must go, but where? Perhaps the emperor wil hav seen what I hav seen on the morro and then the new year wil bring our new nation a brighter glory than it has ever known to rise from another's defeat. Heven giv us the strength to face the morro and the new year, whatever it can bring. I kno not how these good people hav contrivd to support me, for I kno by the groing haggardnes of the father and pallor and anxiety on the mother's face that want and hardship as wel as grief hav come upon them. May heven repay them for their goodnes and enable them to be one day restored to prosperity and to see their fatherland bright and fair once more—The new year may bring this, who can say?

Sky Pictures

LOVELY, airy, floating clouds,
Floating in the sunset sky,
Rosy-tinted fairy pictures,
We wil watch them, you and I.

First we see the ladies gay,
Dancing, tripping, ful of grace,
Gold-edged gown with dainty trimmings
Coverd o'er with silver lace.

Next we see the weary shepherd
Driving home his flock of sheep,
Safe into the fold they gather
While the shepherd watch doth keep.

Then we see strange foren lands,
Castles hung in golden light,
Lakes and mountains, trees and rivers,
Fading, fading into night.

High Scool Seminar Reports

Why Pupils Leave High Scool Before Graduating

Rosa Caplan

Until quite recently the fact that only one-fourth of the children who enter high scool remain to finish the course has been considerd unfortunate but inevitable. Those who left hav been thot of as being of inferior intellectual ability while those who remaind wer lookt upon somewhat as the "survival of the fittest." Some experiments hav been made to find out why three-fourths of the pupils leave high scool without graduating and why the one-fourth remain. Sloly the truth has dawnd upon us. Now we kno that the high scool has been made to fit the needs of the few who ar going to college, while the many, who wish to follo a certain business or trade, hav been forgotten.

As a result of the experiments to find out why pupils leave high scool without finishing, the folloing ar the main reasons gatherd: (1) A desire to go to work; (2) natural lack of interest; (3) desire for activity and dislike for restraint; (4) lack of ambition; (5) failure to see value of education; (6) discouragement.

Statistics sho that most of the girls who enter high scool remain to finish the course, so we ar speaking mainly of boys in this discussion.

The desire to go to work, to get started in a business or trade is the natural desire of almost every boy. What inducement has the high scool to offer a boy who has this desire? When he enters high scool the first thing we offer him is Latin, algebra, ancient history, and so forth, and, as is usually the case, these are presented to him in the rong way. Is it strange that the boy becomes discouraged;

fails to see the value of education and scool; and stops because he wants to go to work? The need is evident—we need much more industrial education in the high scool. The course of study must giv the pupils more opportunity for choice, and it must supply the needs of the pupils, fitting them for business and for life as wel as for college.

The high scool of Columbus, Ga., aims to prepare the youth to be intelligent and efficient later. This scool ranks with any high scool in academic work, and more, it has a trade to offer every child. The scool opens at regular laboring men's hours, thus giving the child the habit of early rising. It keeps close tuch with actual occupations, and after graduation the child has no trouble getting a position.

When all of our high scools become the scools of all the people then they wil be more or les like those of Columbus, Ga., and we shal be surprized at the increase in the high scool enrolment.

There is another factor in the high scool other than the course of study that causes a surprizingly large number of pupils to leave scool without graduating. This is the high scool teacher. Channing, in his lectures on "The Elevation of the Laboring Classes," tels us "the whole worth of the school lies in the teacher; you may accumulate the most expensive apparatus for instruction, but without an intellectual, gifted teacher it is little better than rubbish; and such a teacher without apparatus may effect the happiest results. Although knowledge of subject-matter is essential to a high school teacher this has been stressed too much at the expense of something that is far more essential. This is personality." Those who teach the adolescent child must hav sympathy, tact, enthusiasm, and the power to inspire. They must hav power to come down to the child's level; to become his frend and adviser. More than this, they must possess teaching power; they should kno and understand all of the caracteristics peculiar to the high scool pupil. Also they should always remember that a different form of control is necessary for the adolescent child. Those teachers who cause the most to drop out ar either those who hav little skil in the art of teaching or those of the self-

righteus, unsympathetic type, who remain on their pedestal and offer no encouragement to a stumbler. Put the best teachers in the first year and you wil be surprized the second year at the size of the clas. If we hav efficient teachers in the high scool, pupils wil not leave scool because they ar discouraged; because they see no value in education. Conditions in scool wil not be such as to make them desire more activity; and they wil not lack ambition or interest.

The fact that special courses to train high scool teachers ar beginning to be put in normal scools shows that we ar now realizing the necessity of high school teaching becoming a profession.

Sketches

COASTING

The door of the red brick scool house burst open and a flock of blu and red coats pourd out and scatterd over the sno, which glistend brightly in the sunshine. With shouting and lively chatter, the children collected sleds of varius designs as if by magic, and all raced for the smooth hil nearby. The children on the hil lookt like a colony of ants in summer, running back and forth, meeting and stopping in the center, tugging the sleds up, stopping to help each other over a slippery place, and then as soon as the top was reacht—whiz! down they went again. There was one pudgy little fello, with round, red cheeks, using an old rusty dishpan for a sled, but he did not mind. As long as he could slide with the rest, he shouted as happily as those more fortunate than he. Two girls, wearing blu toboggan caps, had rold a huge snoball nearly to the bottom of the hil, but it stuck fast and refused to budge, while they jumpt around and clapt their red-mittend hands. The bel sounded for recess to end, and they all scrambled, falling over each other, to reach the top of the hil in time. All wer up, at last, except the pudgy little boy, who had lingerd for one more slide, and raced to catch up with the rest, dragging and scraping the rusty dishpan in the sno.

—*E. Goodwin.*

THE MOTHER

The wind whisperd dolefully as it past thru the branches of the sad, leafless maple.

Did I say leafless? No, clinging tenaciously to one of the most shelterd branches of the tree was a single little leaf.

"Mother, I must leave you soon," softly sighd the little leaf.

'Do not leave me, little child," the maple-tree implored. "All your sister leaves hav gon, borne away at last on the strong brest of the wind. You alone ar left with me, to comfort my old age."

"And I am loath to leave you too, but it is meet to go. All my life has been spent here. Shelterd in your loving arms, I'v playd all thru the summer months, singing merrily with the rest."

"Stay! stay!" cried the tree in anguish.

"Mother, mother! do not grieve if I hav to go. I wish to learn much more of life, traveling far from here. I am cald to play my part in this mysterius world."

"Then I cannot keep you here! But long I'v cherisht the hope that one at least would stay with me during these dark and dreary winter days."

The sky was gray, and groing grayer. The wind blu and whistled loudly. The old tree shook with fear. Then the wind, passing by, tugd at the leaf and whisperd enticingly.

"It is time, it is time! I must go!" the last leaf cried.

Its hold on the strong arm became les and les tense—it loosend, and with a last cry of "Farewel! Farewel!" it floated off. As it fel away, the old tree made a movement with all her branches as if she would reclaim the leaf. It was too late.

"Gon!" she groand, and a mighty shudder past over her, making her tremble.

"Gon!" mockt the wind.

"She has gon! I am alone! I am alone," moand the tree over and over again.

The skies grew darker. The air was stil. Then the first few flakes of the first sno began to fall. One great sigh of loneliness shook the branches of the maple; then she stiffend, became calm, and meekly bowd to receive her silent blessing from the clouds.

—*Elizabeth Armstrong.*

OVER THE BACK FENCE

Vote? Why of course we'l get the vote. Why shouldn't we? The men ar afraid to oppose us any longer—they ar afraid, I tel you. Do you kno why? Wel, it's because they see we ar on the right side; they see it's the only way to reform politics and make the United States the best cuntry there is. I tel you, *this* is the age of woman—right now at this very moment we ar at the top and can look down scornfully at opposition. It's your age, it's my age, it's every other woman's age; it's her opportunity. Home duties? Why pin a woman down to home duties? The man of the house ought to help anyway. Make him feel the responsibilities of the home as much as the wife. Let him wash the dishes insted of sitting down before the fire with his pipe and newspaper—I say let him do it! You *like* to do your own work? Well—er—I do t— no, why should a woman be a slave for a man just because she married him? Why should she do all the cooking and the cleaning and the sewing and the taking care of the children? It's his duty just as much as it is hers.

You wouldn't vote if you could? Why, Mrs. Thompson, how could you say that? It's our *right*, and its the *principle* of the thing that ought to appeal to every woman.

Oh, here comes Jim—and supper isn't redy. I'm going to hav chops—Jim does love them so. But arn't back fences handy? What would we do without them? Good-by. I must run in now and find Jim's slippers and pipe for him. Dear man, he never can find them for himself. Men ar *so* helpless, but we wouldn't hav them any other way for the world, would we, Mrs. Thompson?

—*G. M. W.*

A FOLK-LORE TALE

A Conundrum

Sallie Pulley was an attractive, pretty girl and like any girl of her type she was very much admired by the yung men. She had suitors from far and wide. Being the only child of a very rich lawyer, of course she was humord in every way possible.

Among her admirers was Sam Johnson, who ardently wooed her hand, and Sallie liked him above all of her suitors. He askt her to meet him at the deserted Canaan church under a certain oak tree, on Friday night, and he would bring the parson, and they would be married. He also askt Sallie to bring all of the money she could possibly get from her father with her. Sallie consented, and soon Friday night arrived. After her father and mother had retired, she crept out of the door and emerged into the brilliant moonlight, and after a while she neared the church yard. As she approacht she saw that Sam had not yet arrived. It was ten o'clock, and this was the appointed time; soon it was ten-thirty, and yet Sam had not appeard. How ghostly the tombstones lookt in the moonshine, and how scared Sallie began to be! "I shal climb up this tree," she said, "and see if I can see Sam and the minister coming." No one was in sight, but Sallie did not lose hart yet. Soon the two men could be seen coming over a distant hill; nearer and nearer they came.

"Now," said Sallie, "I shal stay up here a while and keep them waiting for me, as 'turn about is fair play.' "

As the two men came nearer she could hear the rattle of spades, and she lookt and saw that they had an axe, spades, and shovels, and she herd them plotting against her. Yes, they wer going to kil her, and get her money. What on erth was she to do?

The two men wondered and wonderd why she did not appear, and soon they began to dig a grave. Having finisht, they sat down to wait for her.

Sallie was scared nearly to deth for fear they would see her up the huge oak tree; however, they did not think of

looking up the tree, and moreover the tree was thickly covered with leaves. Sallie was shivering, both from cold and fright.

The minister and Sam sat under the tree until the east was purple with the dawn; then they gave up all hope of getting Sallie's money, and coverd up the grave and left.

When they wer wel out of sight, Sallie descended from the tree, and ran home as fast as she could before anybody arose. She did not tell anyone of her experience, for then she saw how foolish it was of her to go off without the consent of her parents.

On the following Tuesday night there was a party given in the neighborhood, and Sam Johnson, the minister, and Sallie Pulley wer all present among the large number. Each one present was requested to give an original conundrum, and when Sallie's turn came she said:

"I sat high last Friday night,
The limbs did shake,
My hart did break,
To see the hole the foxes did make."

As soon as Sam and the minister herd the riddle they escaped, and hav never been herd of since that day.

—*Jessie Dugger.*

Exchanges

We wer indeed surprized to find in such a good magazine as the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* such gaudy editorials. On the whole they deal with good subjects, but they lose their effectivness when coucht in such facetius language. In describing the placing of a literary fee of two dollars upon the tuition card the riter said, "The movement progressed so favorably and met with such sympathetic approval among the students that the student body as a whole met and resolved unanimously to petition the Elders of the House of Israel and College of Randolph-Macon that a fee of two dollars be placed upon the tuition card, the purpose of said fee being to defray the subscription price of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for one year. Hark ye, O Scribes and Prophets! It would be perfidiously presumptuous on the students' part to philosophize concerning this strange action except to remark that it is 'thus and so' in Congress." And the sad part is that this is typical of all the editorials.

"A little nonsense now and then," etc. But—.

The editorials in the *Kalamazoo Normal Record* ar very interesting and especially good. We ar glad to learn that your scool is enthusiastic over the study of Folk Lore and that you ar making plans for collecting material. We agree with you that it is an important and feasible plan, and we hope that you wil find redy co-operation in the search. We suggest that you print the folk songs and fragments in the pages of your magazine, for by doing so you wil not only hav a permanent record of them, but you wil giv other scools the benefit of the work in your literary department. From the editorial entitled "Choosing a Scool," we clip the following passage: "The question is often asked,

'Why do so many young men go to the Western State Normal for their manual training?' The answer is that it stands for efficiency; it is democratic in its nature; good fellowship prevails; the instructors are well educated and have high ideals; its athletics are clean; there exists a close correlation in the work; it is progressive; and no graduate can go out from the school without making a success if he follows the sound training and advice which he has received. All these things influence a young man when he is trying to decide what school to attend." From the foregoing quotation we can redily see that the standard of your scool is excellent, and we feel sure that the new manual training bilding, which you mentiond, would ad greatly to the scool, both by raising the standard higher and increasing the enrolment. We hope that it wil not be very long before such a bilding can be erected. The visits of the manual training class to the varius industrial plants was an excellent plan as your scool gives special training to students in vocational subjects. The study of industrial arts seems to be given more attention in a great many scools. We believe that it wil giv rise to a great change in the scool curriculum.

In *The Chisel* is an editorial teling that the Woman's College has become a part of Greater Richmond College, which controls Richmond College for men. The courses of W. C. R. ar arranged in three divisions: preparatory department, sub-collegiate department, and collegiate department, and any student completing the ful collegiate course at Woman's College wil be admitted without examinations to the junior clas of such colleges as Vassar, Wellesley, and Westhampton. This is quite an improvement, and is certainly a means of raising the standard of the scool. The editorial concerning the Nelsonian Society is very interesting, and it would be an exceedingly good idea if other schools would adopt the same plan. The Society is an honorary one named for Dr. James Nelson, the president of the scool, who first establisht the honor system in the South nearly twenty-five years ago. All students in scool ar eligible to this society provided they meet certain re-

quirements. The members must be supporters of the honor system; they must do good clas work; they must take activ part in all fases of college life from athletic field to literary society or Y. W. C. A. In other words they must be good all-round girls. They must be unanimusly elected by the faculty, and names of those who ar elected members ar read out at commencement exercises. We congratulate W. C. R. on having such a splendid system. The editorial "Writer's Medal" is a very commendable way of promoting the standard of riting. This medal is given by a Richmond man. The requirements to be fulfild by those competing for the medal ar that each contestant must hand in three original papers—a story, an abstract essay, and a caracter sketch. We hope that a large number of students wil enter the contest for the medal, for it not only develops the literary talent of the individual, but it furnishes material for the magazine.

The editorial in the *University of North Carolina Magazine* expresses very clearly the point system, which they hav lately adopted. We hope this wil prove as great a success with you as it has with us. There is no dout as to its value. Close to election time one wil begin to look around and wil recognize ability in those who had probably never been thot of before because the same ones wer continually being put up for offises.

In reading the requirements of the point system one seems especially good that a student having an average of below eighty in the preceding semester wil not be allowd to assume more than eight points.

The whole is a very interesting discussion of the point system.

Farther over in the magazine there ar several pages devoted to the different organizations of the scool, the debating societies, the Y. M. C. A. and the athletic association. The title "Every Man's Editorial Page" is very appropriate. This seems to be an excellent idea for representing the interests of the university. Each month they hav the opportunity of bringing before the student body important subjects that ar vital to all.

THE FOCUS

VOL. IV FARMVILLE, VA., JANUARY, 1915 NO. 9

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bondholders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

The last number by the old staf! We ar not going to depreciate ourselves or what we hav accomplisht as a staf, because we *hav* workt, and that was as much as we could do. Of course we hav had ideals, and of course we hav not reacht them. What would be the use of having ideals if we *could* reach them? They ar to inspire *greater* things, but they do not insure the accomplishment of the *greatest.* Just so we realize that we hav fallen a great way short of our ideal. There hav been difficulties in the way, too, many of them, but what we hav workt for and what the new staf wil hav to work for is *the co-operation of the student body.* We hav tried to make *The Focus* fulfil its purpose of being representativ of our scool life as a whole; it has necessarily been representativ of *The Focus* staf and a "faithful few" when others hav not felt it their duty to keep the magazine up to the standard. We hope the new staf wil not find it so difficult to obtain material and to get subscriptions.

As an outgoing staf we do not wish to "drop out" altogether. We hope we wil be cald upon to giv any help that our experience has made us capable of giving to those

who ar inexperienst. We havloved the work. It has been intensely interesting and helpful, and our experience has ment a great deal to us; the work wil mean a great deal to the new staf. May they get the very best out of it that there is. We predict a most successful year for *The Focus*, and if our hopes and wishes could make it so it would be *the* most successful year.

We hav heard rumors of much adverse criticism, thru the exchanges, of our use of simplified spelling. If our critics would write to the Simplified Spelling Board, 1 Madison Ave., N. Y., for material on the subject they would see that there ar arguments on the other side. The Board is not a money-making organization; we ar not advertizing it for their good; it is for the good of all. But this is not a debate in which we ar upholding the affirmativ side; we wil let results speak for themselvs. Of course we do not expect *immediate* results—Rome was not bilt in a day.

We hav receivd the following letter from the Simplified Spelling Board:

"We hav receivd a copy of the November *Focus* containing the editorial on 'Simplified Spelling.' In printing this editorial and in printing *The Focus* in accordance with the most advanst recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board, you and your associates hav taken a step which places your magazine in the very front rank of publications using simplified spelling, and hav taken from the Reed College *Quest* its distinction as being the only publication to use all the forms recommended.

"We notis here and there some deviations from the spellings recommended, but these ar due, of course, to inexperience, and wil disappear with further use and practis. We wish to retain the copy sent to us by Professor Grainger and to place it in our library; but if you wil send us another copy we wil be glad to return it to you with the errors markt. If you care to send us the gally proofs of your next number we wil read it for you and return it promptly.

"A commendatory notis of the November *Focus* wil be printed in the January number of the *Simplified Spelling Bulletin*."

A NEEDED REFORM

Our literary societies ar sadly inactiv, and lack a great deal of meaning what they should mean to the students and to the scool. Sometimes we wonder if girls ar naturally not interested in literary work and ar incapable of making a good literary society. But the real facts face us, and we hav to say it is not true. Some girls ar interested in literary work, and there ar girls in this scool capable of keeping up as good a literary society as can be found in almost any scool.

Why don't they do it? An anser to this, we believe, is found in the method of obtaining members in the literary societies. It would take too long to describe this method in ful, but it is enuf to say that it is inadequate. It is partial; it is narro and prejudist; undemocratic, and too much on the order of a sorority method. The membership is limited and the old members too often manage to get in their frends, regardless of their merit or worth, to the exclusion of other girls who really ought to be in a literary society. This, of course, is not true in every case; but we feel sure that no one, who is familiar with the method of electing new members, can honestly deny that it *is* true to a very great extent. Because of this the literary societies hav as members a large number of girls who ar not interested in literary work; while girls ar left out who would be a credit to any society and who would be benefitted to a great extent by being in a society.

A literary society girl on being askt, "Why do you not require your members to write a story or something during the year?" replied, "Why, that would not be right—so many of them can't."

No doubt she did not realize how significant her words wer. They struck the keynote of existing conditions in the literary societies—"so many of them *can't*." So many of the members can not write; neither can they do anything else along a literary line; nor do they care to lern. They ar not interested in the *real* work of the society—at least what the real work *should* be. They may be interested in and loyal enuf to their respectiv societies when there is oc-

casion for rivalry between it and the other societies. They feel boastfully proud if their society leads in getting fewer "turn downs" than the others, in making a bigger shoing in an entertainment, or something of the kind. But when it comes to real worth while things—literary activities—their interest and pride do not take them far. It may make them glad if the society accomplishes anything along that line, or if some of their members do something worth while, but it is not sufficient to cause them individually to strive to do something which wil tend to make the society mean more to all its members, and make it come up to a *true* standard of leadership.

Something needs to be done towards changing the method of electing the new members into the societies. It does not seem just that a few girls who happen to be in a literary society should hav the sole right to say whether another girl may join or not. Student organizations ar supposed to exist for the good of all the students and not for a chosen few only. Therefore the literary societies should not belong to a few but to every girl in scool. Their doors of membership should not be open only to the favord ones, but to every girl in scool who is worthy of being a member—that is, those who ar desirus of reaping some benefits from being a member, and those who ar willing to try.

This wil never be as long as the membership is kept closed, and limited, and left entirely with those girls who ar alredy members. We believe the membership should be open and any girl allowd to join a society who fulfils certain requirements and shows that she is ernest in her desire to gain some real good from the society.

We would like to see this change immediately, but too much cannot be expected at one time. At any rate, we sincerely hope that, before this scool year is past, faculty and students wil hav taken some steps in that direction.

Here and There

A busines meeting of the Jefferson Society was held on the evening of Dec. 2 and the folloing officers wer elected for the spring term:

President.....Ella Lester
Vice-President.....Elizabeth Hancock
Recording Secretary.....Lenna Painter
Corresponding Secretary.....Alice Rakes
Tresurer.....Lillian Mickle
Censor.....Dreama Chambers
Reporter.....Beulah Sedwick

At a meeting of Le Cercle Francais the folloing officers wer elected:

Dixie McCabe.....Presidente
Louise Bondurant.....Vice-Presidente
Annie Fulton.....Secretaire
Ella Lester.....Tresoiere
Ellen Goodwin.....Reporter

On the evening of December 11 the Dramatic Club gave "Quality Street," one of J. M. Barrie's plays which was ritten for Maude Adams.

The caracters were as folloes:

Recruiting Sergeant.....Emma Jesser
Captain Howard.....Mattie Love Doyne
Lieutenant Wright.....Josie Guy
Captain Winchester.....Julia Price
Major Pepper.....Evelyn Brooks
Lieutenant Small.....Naomi Duncan
Miss Sarah Sparrow.....Elizabeth Hyman
Miss Longweed.....Mary A. Bell
Julie.....Marcella Barnes

Isabel.....Mary Rumbough
Ellen.....Elizabeth Ewald
Phoebe.....Christine MacKan

Children

Albert Sidney Wallace, Jr.....Katherine Middleton
Georgie.....Doris Porter
Willie Smith.....Willie Harris
Arthur.....Virginia Richardson
Marie.....Nora Strohecker
Josephine.....Florence Middleton

BALLAD CLUB

VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

The second annual meeting of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society was held at 3 p. m., Friday, November 22, 1914, in the auditorium of the John Marshall High School, Richmond, during the annual conference of the Virginia State Teachers Association. The program consisted of the reports of the officers of the Society, an address on "Folk-Lore in the Scool Room," by Mr. Evan R. Chesterman, Secretary of the State Board of Education, and the singing of old songs and ballads.

The President, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, reported the ballads which hav been found in Virginia since the last meeting of the society, Nov. 28, 1913.

A generus share of the credit for the progress made in the work was given to our Ballad Club, the findings of which hav been printed in *The Focus* during the past year. The President said that the time has come to broaden the scope of the society's work so as to include the study of the whole field of folk-lore and this suggestion is now being put into effect.

The folloing are the officers of the Society for the year just begun:

President.....James M. Grainger, Farmville
Vice-President and Archivist
Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, University
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . Prof. Walter A. Montgomery,
1109 West Ave., Richmond.

Vice-Presidents—President E. H. Russell, Fredericksburg; Miss Martha M. Davis, Harrisonburg; Miss Jane Rutherford, Richmond; Mr. Evan R. Chesterman, Richmond; Prof. W. E. Gilbert, East Radford; Miss Juliet Fauntleroy, Lynch Station.

The Executive Committee is composed of the above officers and the folloing members: Prof. Ashton W. McWhorter, Hampden-Sidney; Prof. J. C. Metcalf, Richmond; Miss Corita Seoane; Miss Mary Washington Ball; Mr. E. G. Swem, Richmond.

The purpose of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, as stated in the Constitution, "shal be to discover, collect, publish, and thus preserv, the folk-lore of Virginia and of the States recruited by immigration from Virginia." Wisely the activities of the society during the first two years hav confined themselves to gathering up the relics of the old English and Scottish popular ballads. By placing Virginia at the hed of all the States in the number of ballads found within its borders, the Society, under the generalship of its able retiring president, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, has laid the whole State under a debt of gratitude and has won the thanks of scolars everywhere. Tho it now proposes, in accordance with the original plan, to broaden and diversify the scope of its work so as to include the whole field of folk-lore, in so doing the Society desires to urge that the quest for ballads continue hereafter with unabated zeal. No doubt many of the old-world song stories hav stil eluded the serch and may yet be found. This good work must go on.

The broad field of Folk-Lore has been divided as follos:

I. **Ideas and Superstitious Beliefs:**
Superstitious beliefs and practices.
Superstitions connected with great natural objects.
Tree and plant superstitions.
Animal superstitions.
Goblindom.
Witchcraft.
Leechcraft.
Magic and divination.
Beliefs relating to future life.

II. **Traditional Customs:**
Festival customs.
Ceremonial customs.
Games (and songs, music if practicable).
Local customs.

III. **Traditional Narratives:**
Nursery tales, hero tales, fables and apologues.
Myths relating to creation, deluge, and fire.
Ballads and folk songs (music).
Place legends and traditions.

IV. **Folk Sayings:**
Jingles, nursery rimes and riddles.
Proverbs.
Nicknames, place rimes.

V. **Genealogies and Relationships.**

Examples of each of these varieties of folk-lore ar familiar to every one, tho not lerned from books. You ar now urged to write down such as you may kno, giv a ful, accurate statement, if possible, of how, when, and where it came to you, and whence it was derived, and send the report to Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, who remains the Archivist of the Society. Institute also a thoro search for such things among the good folk, white and colord, whose minds ar fild with this lore, make careful records of all your findings, and report them to hedquarters. The results of such reserch, when thoroly done, wil thro much light on many important historical, literary, ethnological, and educational problems. It wil foster a better understanding of the mental and spiritual life of the people, and since the folk-stage of the race corresponds to the childhood of the modern individual, the intelligent study of these relics of the folk-

mind wil help us better to understand our own children and to deal wisely with them.

Teachers especially ar urged, as part of their social or community work, to organize among their pupils and patrons, folk-lore clubs similar to the Ballad Club at Farmville (described on page 8 of the Society's Bulletin for 1914). This form of organization has proved to be one of the most effective means of finding ballads and has also given its members much pleasure and some excellent training. The President wil be glad to offer suggestions for the organization of like clubs to any one who is interested and to help plan courses of study and programs on folk-lore material. Literary and historical societies and societies for sociological reserch and social service in Virginia wil find the folk-lore of the State a fruitful subject for study, while from it writers' clubs and individual writers wil receive inspiration and suggestion for giving local color and human interest to many types of literary work. Newspapers and other periodicals can both help and be helpt by assigning space frequently to the discussion of this subject and by printing bits of local folk-lore from time to time. The Virginia Folk-lore Society wishes to be kept in close touch with all such activities in all parts of the State. It stands redy to co-operate with organizations or individuals desiring to participate in the State-wide movement for a folk-lore revival and wil be glad of every opportunity to help. Correspondence with the officers of the Society is invited.

Individuals who wish to identify themselvs with the activities of the Society and to receive its publications, may become members by sending the annual memberhip fee of 50 cents to the Secretary-Tresurer, Prof. Walter A. Montgomery, 1109 West Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Hit or Mis

Va.—Child, you lookt like Uriah Heep then.

Margaret—Was she a girl that was here last year?

The folloing conversation was herd between a red-heded man and a bald-heded member of our faculty:

Red-hed—Say, L., where wer you when the Lord gave out hair?

L.—Wel, when I got there He had only red hair left, so rather than hav that I took none.

First Freshman (at football game)—Look at 'em in all that mud. How wil they ever get clean?

Second Freshman—Huh! What do you think the "scrub team's" for?—*Woman's Home Companion.*

SMITH'S DOG

Jones's little boy came home from scool one day very boastful of the fact that he could spel "dog," but when he was askt by his father to do so, he hesitated.

"What kind of a dog?" he askt.

"Why, any kind of a dog," said father Jones.

"A dog like Smith's dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, Smith ain't got any dog."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

She was very young, but somehow she always had an anser redy for her teacher.

When askt to state the difference between "foot" and "feet" she gazed down at her own tiny sandaled toes and elucidated thus:

"One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet!"

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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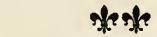

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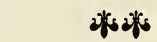

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